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WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR NOVEMBER 29.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—DECEMBER —, 1806.

MISCELLANY.

A VISION OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

Les femmes y sont belles et agreeables; mais simples modostes et laborieuses. Elles charment monis par leurs beaute que par leurs vertu.

FENELON.

In the month of May, when nature puts on her gayest robes, I passed a few weeks at the country-house of a friend. As its distance from town was inconsiderable, I walked there, and sauntering along, amused myself with the picturesque scenes presented to my view. Quitting the confined metropolis, I, with nimble foot, tript over the dewy mead and my heart thrilled with the liveliest sensations of joy:

"Nor palace, theatre, nor proud exchange
Here lift their heads, but fir-treet, beech and pine,
O'er verdant valleys, and on pleasant hills,
Lift up the thoughtful mind from earth to heaven!"

My friend had relinquished the engagement of commercial life, and wished the residue of his days to steal away, amid the sweets of pastoral rusticity. His villa was remarked for neat simplicity. The garden was portioned out with taste, and the statues and obelisks caught the eye at each opening avenue, and produced a fine effect on the spectator's imagination. From the centre of this enclosure rose an elevated mound of earth, somewhat resembling a cone. From the top of which might be seen a diversified prospect of the surrounding country. Upon the side of this hillock was a cave, similar to that of TROPHONIUS' of old, but decorated by a fanciful arrangement of curiosities, taken from the fossil and vegetable kingdoms. A groupe of trees concealed the entrance into this hermitage; and its inside inspired the frequenter with the soothing melancholy of solitude.

The proprietor of this little spot was blessed with two amiable daughters. To perceive the young laidies vying with each other in expressions of filial affection, smoothing the brow of declining years and diminishing the burden, accumalated by the decrepitude of age might gratify the benevolenee of an angel. To *their* lot had fallen no uncommon share of that frail article, beauty; but their tempers

were mild, their dispositions sweet, and their minds improved by a suitable education. When at leisure, we rambled through the garden, or diverted ourselves with the music of the harpsicord; for the eldest sister played with superior skill on that delicate instrument. Every morning we hailed the rising sun, and our spirits were exhilirated by contemplating the beauties of nature. The cuckoo entertained us with his reiterated note, expressive of spring's return; and our ears were ravished with the carroling of birds, warbling their sprightliest strains.

The song of joy, and the laugh of mirth, were heard among us; and in innocent conviviality glided away the appropriated time of visiting. The period of departure surprised me by its sudden arrival, and I bade the happy family adieu, not without the tenderest sentiments of regret.

Returning homewards, the amiable sisters recurred to my mind, and their private and social virtues pressed forcibly on my heart. Fatigued, near the end of my journey, I threw myself on a bank, over whose verdant surface lay scattered the primsose and the violet, intermingled with other sweet-smelling flowers, whose odoriferous fragrance deliciously regaled the senses. The evening was calm and serene; the declining sun was sinking below the western horizon, and the sky was lightly tinged with the luxuriancy of vareigated colours. Hushed and silent were all things around me....

"Save where the beetle whee'ld his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull'd the distant folds!"

Thus situated, I indulged a meditative humour, and leaning pensively on my arm, I exclaimed, in a faint tone of voice..."*Who can estimate female worth? Who can be indifferent to female excellence?* Uttering this soliloquy, I fell into a deep slumber, and the following imaginary train of circumstances rose to view.

Before me I beheld an extended plain. Upon this plain stood a stately throne of curious workmanship. Before the throne was gathered together a large concourse of females. The whiteness of their garments rivalled the new-fallen snow, and their spirited countenances betokened an anxiety, derived from eagerness of curiosity. There were numerous spectators of this extraordinary scene. When I enquired who the individuals were, that composed the assembly, and why they were met together, it was replied..."On yonder plain, sir, are assembled the FAIR SEX, from the middle and higher walks of life. The throne is to be filled by the GODDESS OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE. We wait her descent. She will address her youthful auditors, and furnish them with directions for the regulation of their future lives."

A secret satisfaction stole across my soul, at being present at so interesting an occasion. But scarcely was the information communicated; when the acclamations of the multitude announced the appearance of the Goddess....Rapid and magnificent was her descent from the sky....Her presence flung a vivid effulgence over every adjacent object. Her person was tall and graceful....Her habiliments simple, yet elegant; in her countenance was blended the bloom of youth, with the sedateness of maturer years...

"Grace was in all her steps---heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love!"

The celestial visitant seated herself upon the throne. A silence, not unlike the universal stillness of a summer's noon, pervaded the assembly. Every eye fixed itself on the goddess. Every bosom glowed with fervid expectation. She arose with majestic air, and thus addressed the attentive audience....

"DAUGHTERS of men! this day ye are assembled for an important purpose. I shall communicate sentiments, with which you should be intimately acquainted. I have your dearest interests at heart. I breathe the warmest wishes for your present and future felicity.

"The Creator, in the plenitude of his benevolence, made WOMAN an helpmate to MAN. You are, therefore, possessed of a similar form; endowed with an intelligent soul; and furnished with passions and dispositions necessary to accomplish the purposes of your existence. Upon most of your sex nature bestows the graceful form...the well proportioned feature...the engaging mein...and the delicate complection. These exterior charms, however fascinating, and though many plume themselves upon them, are of little worth, unaccompanied with the more permanent accomplishment of the mind. To *these* I call your attention. May their enumeration kindle a spirit of emulation!...For nobler ends were you designed, than to flutter about like gaudy and insignificant insects, enamoured of outward show. You are capable of elevated attainments. Seek them with assiduity. Cultivate them with enthusiasm.

"Attend carefully to the improvement of the mind. This is of primary importance. I do not mean that you should be versed in the profound parts of literature. I do not require you to be skillful linguists, accute philosophers, or expert mathematicians. The abstruse sciences are unconnected with domestic life. But, why not rendered companions for the more discerning of the other sex? From the too common neglect of intellectual accomplishments flows the false, and illiberal suggestion, that your understanding is weak, and therefore incapable of any considerable culture. But are not the distinguished female writers numerous? Do they not rank high in the annals of literary fame? It may be granted your minds are formed for relishing works of imagination, rather than for commenting on the productions of a NEWTON. This concession implies only, that the delicacy of your frame, joined to exquisite sensibility, mark you out for the cultivation of one branch of knowledge, in preference to another. The wisdom of Providence is conspicuous in the appointment. You are better capacitated for the less active, though not less useful sphere, in which you move. By reading and meditating, improve the faculties of the mind. Biography, voyages, travels, and poetry, selected with judgment, repay, amply, the time consumed upon them. Romances peruse with caution. Most of them inflame the juvenile imagination, irritate the fancy, and exhibiting fallacious views of life, cruelly torture the female heart. The instructive page, both of sacred and profane history, should ever lie open before you. The rise, progress, and fall of kingdoms, and

of individuals, teach admirable lessons, and pour upon you that knowledge of human nature, of which none should be destitute, who pretend to any degree of refinement. Geography and chronology, the favourite hand-maids of history, enable you to perceive the beauty and propriety of historic strory. Astronomy is as well worthy of your attention. The perspicuity with which its first principles are laid down, facilitates their attainment. Delightful is it, to trace the signatures of wisdom and goodness every where impressed on creation, and to know something of the general laws by which your days and your nights, your summers and your winters, roll round with such astonishing regularity. Nor be unconversant with periodical Essays. They prove an inexhaustible fund of rational entertainment and instruction. Music, painting, and occasional visits, may occupy vacant hours. The informed mind hath been likened to a piece of polished marble, which exhibits to the eye, in all their perfection, those beautiful spots and veins, which, on its ruder surface, but faintly appeared.

"The cultivation of a good temper merits particular attention. It inclines you to be satisfied with the lot assigned by Providence, to forgive the injuries of enemies, and to be unoffended with the foibles of friends. It is the basis of human bliss. The infirmities of mankind call for its perpetual exercise. With the wisdom of the serpent, mingle the innocence of the dove. And may the genius of discord never hover over your habitation; for, is not domestic felicity, the most dear of sublunary enjoyments, marred by the obliquities of an irritable temper.

"To the nicer sensibilities of the heart be not inattentive. Graceful is the garb of humanity. Generous is the heart, dilated by the milk of human kindness. To melt at another's woe, and to commiserate the unfortunate, are congenial to the female mind. If, unsusceptible of humane sensations, a shade is cast over your best qualities. To raise the dejected...to administer the cup of relief... and to visit the fatherless and the widow, are your almost exclusive province. Sympathy avails, when boasted medicine proves inefficacious. Withold not, then, what is in the power of all to give, Spare no exertion to alleviate human woe.

"In your friendships be firm...in your attachments be decidedly fixed. Coquettish frivolity disgraces those who dare to indulge it. Give no room, then, for the imputation! Having just reason to think favorably of an individual, let not idle report, sordid interest, or volatile caprice, enfeeble your predilection. Believe not all you hear. The breath of calumny sullies the most uncontaminated reputation. Rashly disapprove of none. The human character is complicated and latent are the excellencies of many. Long acquaintance, and close scrutiny, bring them fully to view. The fickle mind, like the restless ocean, is a stranger to tranquility and peace.

"Let modesty preside over every part of your conduct. The reign of modesty is the reign of simplicity and innocence. She is the queen of virtues. She is the patroness of every thing excellent and praise-worthy...With incredible charms she decorates female

beauty. Divested of her enchanting influence, the sweetest complexion is unattractive, and the finest features have but a slender power to engage. Modesty is a thin transparent veil, which shews, with superior lustre, the graces it would seem to cover, as a new-blown rose is more beautiful, when its leaves are a *little* folded. than when its glories are *fully* displayed.

"Be virtuous and religious. Ah! of what avail was the consummate beauty of HELEN and of CLEOPATRA, of ROSAMOND, and of SHORE? Un-enamelled by the excellence of moral goodness, it entangled them in fatal snares, and pierced them through with *many sorrows*. But virtue alone, though valuable, is insufficient. Devoid of religion, the female character is incomplete. The goodly train of charities, un-originating in a rational and fervent piety, are precariously founded. Mere unassisted virtue is of too delicate a texture, to suffer long the rude blasts of this inhospitable clime. It droops its head,and dies away, like the lily, nipped by the frozen gale. As religion confers upon virtue, strength and permanency, believe firmly its truths, imbibe its spirit, obey its precepts, imitate the example of its immaculate author, and aspire to the transcendent honors of a blissful immortality.

"Such are the prominent features of FEMALE EXCELLENCE....but here, regard for your best interests forbids me to close. Is not even that flower-garden, the hue and fragrance of whose productions most powerfully hit the senses, injured by the nauseous weed? to the female character also adhere blemishes, which tarnish its beauty, and obscure its glory. Over these, charity refuses to fling her veil. To specify them, is painful. Excuse me. All I utter is dictated by a concern for your truest welfare.

"Watch against the intrusion of pride, affectation and extravagance. Pride renders you disgusting, affectation ridiculous, and extravagance hateful. No esteem is conciliated by the haughty look, the froward gate, or the forbidding mien. Detraction indicates unamiableness of spirit, and is incompatible with the dignity of the sex. Never countenance the obsequious flatterer. His design is evil. His incense is pestiletial. The gilded, but empoisoned pill of of adulation is administered with deplorable success....Thus, the innocence and reputatiou of the modest, but too credulous virgin, are sacrificed often at the shrine of unhallowed passion. But of all the infelicities of life, is not *his* the greatest, who enlarges the catalogue of female woes?

"Be not the votaries of preposterous fashion. This pernicious turn of mind generates embarrasments, sorely felt, deeply regretted, yet not easily obviated. To the manners of the country where you reside, a temperate regard is due, dictated by good sense and strict propriety. Repress the rage for popular amusements, which characterizes the present age. Do they not often encroach on the time claimed by domestic affairs? Are they not accompanied with enormous expence? Have they not sometimes annihilated sobriety of mind, and banished regularity of conduct, the leading excellencies of the moral character?

"Upon the eye of the impassioned admirer, the ray of female

excellence plays with distinguished brilliancy. Direct into a useful channel, whatever ascendancy you obtain. In some cases your influence may be almost authoritative. EVE abused it, when she plucked the forbidden fruit, and gave it to ADAM. HELEN abused it, when she occasioned the Trojan war, which lasted ten long years; and CLEOPATRA abused it when she accelerated the ruin of ANTHONY, in the height and splendor of his military career. Awed by these examples, let your jurisdiction over the other sex be mild and beneficial. Then, you harmonize the ferocious, disarm the evil-mindedness of passion, and check the folly of disappointed extravagance.

"In fine, you possess the momentous trust of training up the rising generation. Under your immediate inspection, the individuals of the human race pass the important years of infancy and childhood; important, not indeed in themselves, but on account of their connection with subsequent life. When their memories are retentive, and their minds docile, teach them the inestimable lessons of wisdom, virtue, and religion...

"_ _ _ _ _ _ _in your race
To rear your graces into second life,
This be the female dignity and praise.

"May HE, who in the beginning empowered *Women* to captivate, and gave *Man* the susceptibility of impression, guide you through the mazes, and support you under the perplexities of this transitory existence! To the graceful form...the well-regulated feature...the engaging mien...and the delicate complexion, may there be added, the improved mind...the mild disposition...and the obliging temper! May you be distinguished for intelligence, modesty, sensibility, virtue and religion! May every avenue to your heart be guarded against the wiles of the insiduous adulator, and the less disguised insinuations of the vicious and unprincipled rake! May the fond hopes of your parents be realized! May your partners in life equal your wishes! May your children rise up and call you blessed! Quitting this troubled theatre, may you be admitted into the ABODE OF BLISS, and clothed with the ROBES OF IMMORTAL BEAUTY!

Here the GODDESS ceased. The exultations of the assembly roused me from my slumbers; and the VISIONARY scene vanished in the twinkling of an eye! Finding the evening far advanced, and the dews of night fast falling, I sprang from the bank on which I had reclined, and hastened homewards, pleased with my RURAL EXCURSION.

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WIT AND VIVACITY.

No person can be perfectly agreeable without them: but that wit, which displays itself on discovering the follies of our fellow creatures, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring; from which we turn away to fix our eyes on the performance of some artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in pourtraying a poor woman at a cottage door, or an infant sleeping on a bank of flowers.

SELECTED POETRY.

PATRICK O'NEAL.—*AN IRISH SONG.*

BY J. F. STANFIELD.

TUNE—*Shela-na-guira.*

Ye sons of Hibernia, who, snug on dry land,
Round your sparkling turf fires, with your whiskey in hand,
Drink *Kademille salterab ;* nor think of the boys
That are fighting your battles through tempests and noise :
Attend to a ditty—'tis true, I declare ;
Such swimmings and sinkings would make you all stare—
Such storms, squibs, and crackers have whizz'd at my tail,
Since the press-gang laid hold of poor Patrick O'Neal.

It was April the first I set off like a fool,
From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Lawrence Tool,
My Mother's third cousin, who oft had wrote down,
To beg I'd come see how he flourished in town :
But I scarce set my nose in that terrible place,
When I met with a spalpeen, who swore to my face ;
He becon'd a press-gang—they came without fail,
And soon neck and heels carried Patrick O'Neal.

Then they scampered away, as they said, with a prize,
For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise ;
But a terrible blunder they made in the strife,
For I ne'er saw the sea nor a ship in my life :
Then away for a tender they bid me to steer—
But of tenderness devil a morsel was there !
Though I roar'd and I curs'd—oh, it would not avail,
In the cellar of the ship they ramm'd Patrick O'Neal.

Next morning from Dublin they sailed with their prey ;
I was half starved and sea-sick the rest of the way ;
Not a mile-stone I saw, not a house nor a bed—
All was water and sky till we came to Spithead,
Then they call'd up *all hands !*—Hands and feet soon obey'd ;
Oh ! I wish'd myself home, cutting turf with a spade—
For the first sight I saw made my poor spirits fail ;
'Twas a great swimming castle for Patrick O'Neal.

This terrible monster roll'd about on the tide,
And a large row of teeth was stuck fast in his side :
They bid me to mount—and desired me to keep
A fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should slip :
So I let go my hands, to hold fast by my toes ;
But the ship gave a roll, and away my head goes—
I plump'd down in the sea, where I splash'd like a whale ;
But with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then 'midst shouts, jests and laughter they hoisted me in
To this great wooden world, full of riot and sin.
What rags, sticks and pullies—what strings meet my eye—
And how large were the sheets that they hung out to dry !
It seemed Noah's ark, full of different guests,
Hogs, pedlars, sheep, sailors, and all other beasts :
Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale ;
And they sung, curs'd, and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now a rough mouthed rapscallion on deck did advance,
So hoarse that he whistled, which made them all prance :
Up the cords some like monkeys run, some, I declare,
Like gibbets, or rope dancers, hung in the air ;

They clapp'd sticks in the capstern—as I afterwards found—
Where a chap sat and fifed, as they twisted him round :
So the ship raised her anchor—spread her wings and set sail,
With a freight of live lumber—and Patrick O'Neal.

To go down below I expressed a great wish—
Where they live under water like so many fish :
I was put in the mess with some more of the crew ;
But they said 'twas Banyan day—so gave me burgoo :
For a bed they'd a sack that hung high as my chin ;
They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in ;
I laid holp—took a jump—but my footing was frail,
For it flung me clear over—poor Patrick O'Neal.

By some help I got in, where I rock'd all the night ;
But when day broke, my rest broke, with terrible fright !
Up hammocks, down chests—was roar'd from each part—
Here's a French ship in sight ! up and down went my heart :
To a gun I was stationed—they cried with an oath,
To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth ;
They took off the apron that covered his tail,
And his leading-strings gave to poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then our thick window shutteys we pull'd up with speed,
And we run out our bull-dogs of true British breed :
The Captain cried England and Ireland, my boys !
When he mentioned old Ireland, my heart made a noise.
Now the nose of our gun did the Frenchman defy ;
They clapp'd fire on his back, and bid him let fly—
Such a crack made me jump, though I held by the tail ;
But the creature leaped back—knocked down Patrick O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my soul, nob or nob,
Till the Frenchan gave up what he thought a bad job :
Then to tie him behind, a large cord did they bring,
And we led him along like a pig in a string.
So away to old England we brought the French boy—
Oh !—the sight of the land made me sea sick with joy :
But they made a fresh peace, when the war grew too stale,
And set all hands adrift—with poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now here on dry land a wet course I can steer—
Nor the cathead, the catblock, nor the boatswain's cat fear :
While there's a shot in the locker, I'll sing, I'll be bound—
And Saturday night shall last all the year round.
But should peace grow too sleepy, and war call amain,
By the Piper of Leinster ! I'd venture again—
Make another dry voyage—bring you home a fresh tale,
That you'll cry till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.

ON A WATCH.

Could but our tempers move like this machine,
Nor urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen ;
But true to nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish'd every hour ;
Then health and joy would follow as they ought,
The laws of motion and the laws of thought :
Sweet health, to pass the present moments o'er,
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.

A DINING-ROOM MOTTO.

With sland'rous tales who shall the absent treat,
At this my board shall neither drink nor eat.